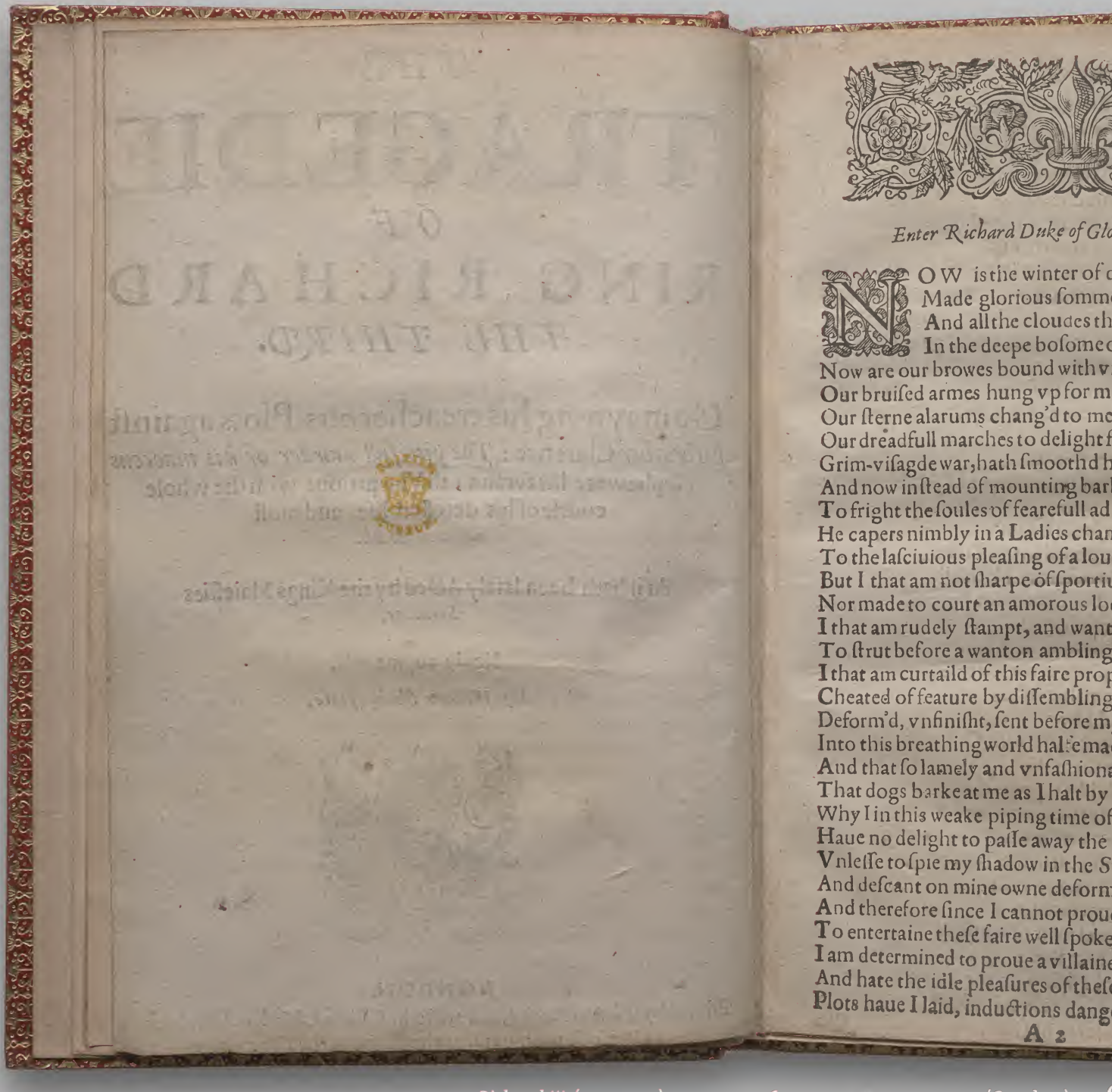

Enter Richard Duke of Glo

NOW is the winter of
Made glorious ſomm
And all the cloudes th
In the deepe boſome
Now are our browes bound with v
Our bruiſed armes hung vp for m
Our ſterne alarums chang'd to me
Our dreadfull marches to delight
Grim-viſagde war, hath ſmoothd h
And now inſtead of mounting bar
To fright the ſoules of fearefull ad
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chan
To the laſciuious pleaſing of a lou
But I that am not ſharpe of ſportiu
Nor made to court an amorous lo
I that am rudely ſtampt, and want
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling
I that am curtaild of this faire prop
Cheated of feature by diſſembling
Deform'd, vnfiniſht, ſent before m
Into this breathing world halfe ma
And that ſo lamely and vnfaſhiona
That dogs barke at me as I halt by
Why I in this weake piping time of
Haue no delight to paſſe away the
Vnleſſe to ſpie my ſhadow in the S
And deſcant on mine owne deform
And therefore ſince I cannot proue
To entertaine theſe faire well ſpoke
I am determined to proue a villaine
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſ
Plots haue I laid, inductions dang

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.51)